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Good Times Corner.

Iron Mountain, Mich., Aug. 9.—The Pan Iron Mining Company, operating the East Vulcan, West Vulcan, and Currie mines at Norway, have announced an increase of wages of 10 to 25 per cent to take effect immediately. The Oregon Company have also raised wages in the same ratio.

Easton, Pa., Aug. 9.—Five hundred roofing slate men in the vicinity of Bangor, who have been idle since August of last year, will be put to work on Monday. The operators in the slate belt of Northampton and Lehigh counties report an increased

demand for their product, and it is believed the quarries will be kept at work without further suspension until the close of the season.

A TEN DAYS' FREE OFFER.

Morning Times subscribers can have The Evening Times delivered free for one week by making request at the office. This offer holds for only ten days.

Mr. Horn, the enterprising merchant tailor, 613 F street northwest, is offering astonishing bargains in suits to order. It is to the special interest of purchasers to place their orders with Mr. Horn.

POLICY DENS WIDE OPEN

Mrs. Groves' Place and "Red House" in Alexandria County.

SHERIFF PALMER IS BLIND

Though the Gambling Is Carried On Openly in Both These Shops, He Has Been Unable to See It—Colored Farm Laborers and Market Women Robbed of Their Earnings.

Sheriff Palmer, of Alexandria county, must be an incompetent in the superlative degree of the state of affairs which now disgraces the county would not exist. It behooves him to rise and explain a condition of things, shameful, vicious, corrupt and disgraceful, which exists right under his official nose in the sweet-scented environment of Jackson City.

He knows where Roush's Run is; he knows the establishment kept by Mrs. Groves; he knows the little Red House, not a hundred yards from that of Mrs. Groves. He knows that these two places are on the road which he travels on his way from his home to Jackson City.

They are known as "The Camp," which is a loafing place for hundreds of disreputable characters, and he ought to know that in Mrs. Groves' place and in the little Red House are two of the vilest gambling dens in the United States.

If Sheriff Palmer does not know this he is grossly ignorant of localities to which he has paid a great deal of attention of late, and if he does know it he is open to the very grave suspicion, which people are not slow to express, that he is conveniently and profitably blind to the wholesale robbery that is perpetrated there every day in the year, and Sunday, too.

FLYING THE COLORED PEOPLE. What went on there yesterday, and what was gathered by The Times on the inside, is sufficient to base the statement on that in these two hell-holes the poor colored people are plundered from day to day; that the whole vicinity, and even for five miles around, has been and is cursed with the gambling habit; that the keepers of these dens know the ignorant and simple nature of the people they deal with, and fleece and pluck them cruelly and unmercifully.

The Red House infamy is a policy shop run by Foster & Nelson. The establishment on the Groves premises is run by two firms, C. V. Emerick and S. T. Donaldson & Co.

The front door of the Red House, facing the high road, is not open. The house stands alone, with the back door facing the camp. The Groves house establishment is reached by entering a gate fronting the main road and then proceeding through a passage way which leads into the gambling room.

All the information concerning this latter place may be had at the bar of the Groves House. A very red-faced boy was in charge of the bar yesterday. Cabman 749 and The Times went in to view the surroundings. The red-faced expert was slinging beer over the counter profusely to a lot of bunnies, and was in a profuse state of perspiration.

GAME IN FULL BLAST.

"Anything going on to-day?" inquired The Times.

"Nope," said the lobster-faced kid. "One beer and cream."

"Can we go through the bar into the shop?"

"Yes, into the backsmith's shop. There isn't any other."

"Oh, yes there is. Mr. Emerick told us to call here and see the boys out under the shed."

"Well, that's different," he said.

"Of course it is," said a half-drunk colored man. "You just go through the gate there and keep on walking till you get to it. There isn't any place else to go to."

The boy was asked if there wasn't some danger of being surprised in there by Sheriff Palmer or a deputy.

"No, sir," he said, with emphasis on the sir.

"I suppose the sheriff comes in occasionally?"

"Couldn't say that," said the boy, but he grinned the way from east to west, as if the inquirer had stumbled on an embarrassing point.

"You needn't be afraid," chimed in the bloated, bibulous colored man; "go right in and you can get what you want."

The cabman and The Times went in and there was the game in full blast. The room was full of colored people. There was a very rough counter at one end of the room, behind which were two negro clerks who were as busy as if they were taking tax returns on the last day of limitation. One was copper colored and the other was very black.

On the wall was a blackboard on which the numbers for the evening drawing were registered. The clerk for C. V. Emerick was a very talkative man. He said that it was a square thing and that C. V. Emerick was responsible for all the money in the game. C. V. Emerick's name was in fact printed on the daily drawing slips and on the tickets.

THE ALLURING GAME. For every one cent invested the lucky drawer would receive ninety cents and he would take a bet with a fifty up from five cents to \$10. He was interrupted a half a dozen times in a few minutes in his talk to keep up with the string of buyers of five cent, quarter and dollar tickets.

A feature of the crowd was the number of colored women who were buying tickets. These were not habitués of the camp but were the plain girls and women of the farming class from the interior.

One of these had a baby in her arms. Out of curiosity she was asked when she went out where she got the dollar she had placed. She said indignantly that she "didn't steal it." In fact, she had just come over from Washington, where she had sold some chickens and vegetables. She had carried the basket and the baby all the way to Washington, and on her return stopped into the policy shop and poured her silver into the rat hole.

Another typical bucolic gambler was a tall negro. He wore a tattered heavy felt

hat crosswise on his frosty poll, a la Napoleon. He hadn't worn shoes since the big storm last winter. He had on no coat, but wore a striped hickory shirt, which was pinned in one place with a stick like a toothpick. He looked at the board and couldn't read a number on it. Then turning round suddenly and wisely, he spit tobacco juice against the side of the counter and said: "Well, guv'nor, an old boss and a quarrelin' string."

WOULD MAKE IT YET.

The copper-colored clerk took the old man's quarter and immediately wrote him out that kind of a ticket. The old man said he had been playing it for a year, and he "be damned if he wouldn't make it yet."

The clerk started into explaining the old boss ticket to The Times, when a smart mulatto took the written explanations out of the clerk's hands, and turning to The Times told him that he guessed he had better play some game that he understood. This mulatto was getting up to snuff and the whole business shut down with a bang. They would answer no more questions, and the silence became so embarrassing that The Times went out to look up that other game.

It was easy to find. It was only just across the way in the Red House. By the time he got there, however, they had been notified that something suspicious was in the air and they were very sullen. The clerks were quite as busy as at the other place and the crowd was greater. The majority of them were green hands from the country, hard working men, women, and girls, who were squandering the hardest made money in the world.

Inside there was no information to be obtained so that it became necessary to catch the newcomers.

"Going in to play, uncle?"

"Oh, yes, sah."

"Is this a better place than the other?"

"Oh, yes, sah. Mr. Foster and Nelson is a gentleman; when you wins you git it, and when you don't win you loses."

"So this is Foster and Nelson?"

"Yes, sah, don't you see Mr. Nelson settin' down at that bench?"

The master of fact Nelson was there stretched off in luxurious style on a bench under the tree, while his agents were doing the work inside.

WHERE IS THE SHERIFF.

The game inside was the same exactly as at the other place, but the crowd was greater. There was no noise; everything was as quiet as a graveyard, which it is to all intents of the money made on the farms in that vicinity.

The clerks at the Groves place said that Emerick and the other firm lived at Jackson City, but they could be well known, as to one knew them.

One of the shops or ticket counters is run by a company of negroes and a few white men, and that leaves plenty of room for the placing of county officials among the directors.

This provincial gambling goes on every day, and it has been going on, they say, at the Groves place for three years and at the Red House for two years.

made to the young and old agricultural element of the county, and it is the most suspicious circumstance in the world that Sheriff Palmer's reform has been swept all around this spot and he hasn't even seen it—that is, officially.

He boasted to The Times man that he had been there two weeks ago that he had the whole vicinity patrolled day and night and that nothing could escape. If any places needed looking after it is this camp, which is just back of the Alexandria Island race track across the Run, and no one but a blind imbecile could fail to be attracted by the crowds of people a ways hanging around this neighborhood.

DROWNED IN THE DELAWARE.

Row Boat Upset and All the Occupants Were Drunk.

(By Associated Press.)

Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 9.—Benjamin Wagner and Frank Chamberlin, of this city, were drowned in the Delaware River opposite Spruce street, Camden, late last night by the accidental capsizing of a rowboat.

Wagner, who is a Philadelphia lawyer, Chamberlin, Charles Stewart, and William Fisher left this city in the evening on a fishing trip to Timber Creek. On their way home one of the men attempted to walk from one end of the boat to the other, when the little craft was overturned, throwing all the occupants into the Delaware.

Fisher and Stewart were rescued by the mate of a vessel near by, but the other two, who, it is believed, were under the influence of liquor, could not be saved.

The facts of the drowning were not made known until today, as Fisher and Stewart were so drunk that they could not give an account of their companions' disappearance until they had slept off the effects of their inebriation. The bodies have not yet been recovered.

COUNTERFEIT SILVER DOLLARS.

Wilmington, Del., Is Overrun with Counterfeit Dollars.

Wilmington, Del., Aug. 9.—This city is fairly flooded with counterfeit silver dollars.

About ten days ago one was presented at the Farmers' Bank by a depositor and detected. Since then the banks have been on the lookout, and dozens have been detected and turned down. They were presented by innocent depositors who had accepted them in the course of business.

The spurious coins are thicker than the genuine dollars, but of lighter weight. The composition of which they are made is soft, and can be readily cut with a knife. From the mass of these counterfeit dollars in circulation it is believed that professional "shovers of the queer" have recently unloaded in this city.

Titled Lady Committed for Trial.

London, Aug. 9.—Lady Gunning, step-mother of Sir George W. Gunning, baronet, and a relative of Earl Spencer, who was recently arrested here on charges of forgery, was today brought up on demand in the Bow street police court and committed for trial.

Wants His Redress.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 9.—State Senator John Upperman has been sued for \$25,000 damages for defamation of character. The papers in the case were filed late yesterday in behalf of Mr. Thomas McCaffrey, a well-known real estate dealer and ex-notary public, of Butler street, Pittsburg.

THREE MORE DEAD FOUND

Nine Men Still Missing in the Broadway Disaster.

HUNTING FOR THE BODIES

Gangs of Workers Laboring Night and Day to Reach the Remains of Their Former Companions—No Hope of Finding Any One Alive—A Thorough Investigation Is Promised.

(By United Press.)

New York, Aug. 9.—The horrors attending the collapse of the eight-story structure at the corner of West Broadway and West Third street yesterday were not lessened but intensified to-day by the finding of three more bodies, making six dead as far as known, and to add to the calamity, not all the missing have been accounted for.

As a result, many anxious friends and relatives hover near the scene, awaiting just a grain of hope to relieve them of the dreadful suspense. The ordeal is a fearful one, and not a few stout hearts trembled in the presence of so much distress and misery.

The work of removing the debris is necessarily slow, owing to the heavy weight of iron beams, braces, brick ceilings, and mortar.

BODIES IN THE RUINS.

The workmen have not yet reached the spot where most of the bodies are believed to be lying. The workmen who lost their lives are believed to have been in or near the center of the building when the crash came, and most of the bodies are expected to be found near the center of the pile of debris.

That there are many bodies beneath the ruins there is no doubt. But one of the men reported to have been lost has reported himself alive, and it is believed that there are at least nine bodies which will be discovered before the ruins have been turned over by the workmen.

The work, with outtings without a moment's intermission until it is completed, there will be a dry gang and a night gang. It is thought that several of the bodies will be found before nightfall.

A SEARCHING INQUEST.

The coroner's inquest, at which an endeavor will be made to fix the blame for the disaster, will be held on the 15th instant. The jury will be composed of civil engineers and business men.

At noon to-day it was learned that Michael Farrell, of Rutherford, N. J., who was supposed to be among the missing, had reported all right. He escaped from the building as it fell.

A revised list of the killed and missing follows:

Killed—John Burke, Charles E. Peterson, John Smith, Michael Flynn, Michael O'Hare, Michael Savage.

Missing—Patrick Cahan, Patrick Conlin, John Grosse, Edward Hanley, Pietro Morini, John Murphy, Christopher O'Rourke, August Phillips, George Smith.

The seventh body taken from the ruins was uncovered by the workmen shortly after 11 o'clock to-night. It was that of Augustus Phillips, the truck driver, whose horse and truck had been found in the street outside the building after the crash and who was believed to have perished.

NOT ASHAMED TO HANG.

Murderer Smith's Remarkable Address Before the Drop Fell.

(By United Press.)

San Francisco, Aug. 9.—Freeman Smith was hanged at San Quentin prison this morning for two brutal murders committed near the town of Colusa in December, 1893.

Smith and two companions, known as Dolph and Charley, were fishermen, and lived in a cabin together. The murderer chopped Dolph to pieces with an ax and shot Charley. He then robbed them both and made his escape, but was captured three days later.

Before dropping to his death Smith made the following speech:

"Gentlemen, I wish to tell you this: I am as innocent as any man ever hanged and as ready to die. I am not ashamed to be hanged, and look upon it the same as to be murdered in any other way."

"I have the distinction of being the first man to die in this way here without any evidence against him whatever, and Gov. Budd has the distinction of being the first man to convict an acknowledged murderer in office. That is all I have to say."

HIS HEAD CUT OFF.

Zanesville Banker Throws Himself in Front of an Engine.

(By Associated Press.)

Zanesville, Ohio, Aug. 9.—Jacob Gigax, a prominent and wealthy citizen of this city, committed suicide in a horrible manner to-day.

He went to the Cincinnati and Muskingum Railroad depot, where he got down on his hands and knees and placed his neck across the rail in front of a rapidly-approaching train and was decapitated in the presence of many persons.

Mr. Gigax was a retired banker and had suffered from poor health for a long time.

A TEN DAYS' FREE OFFER.

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TWENTY PEOPLE INJURED

All Hurt in a Street Car Accident at Indianapolis.

Misplaced Switch Let a Heavy Motor Plunge Into a Trailer Returning From Old Settlers' Reunion.

(By United Press.)

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 9.—Nearly twenty people were injured in a street car accident near Crown Hill Cemetery this afternoon. The most seriously injured are:

Mrs. Martin, leg broken and badly bruised; Susan Dennis, bruised about lower limbs; Martha Sweeney, both legs broken; Maggie Rice, face badly battered and bruised; Edith Christ, lower limbs bruised and other injuries; L. H. Smith, back sprained and badly bruised; Mary Hy and Sarah Latham, badly bruised; T. F. Brown, leg broken.

All are residents of this city. The wreck was the result of a misplaced switch, a heavy motor plunging into a trailer loaded with people returning from the Old Settlers' Reunion. The injured will probably recover.

ARE STILL IN DEADLOCK

Mississippi Democrats Can't Agree on a Candidate.

(By United Press.)

Jackson, Miss., Aug. 9.—The Democratic State convention, which balloted for railroad commissioner until 2 o'clock this morning and adjourned till 9 o'clock this morning, is still deadlocked on commissioner from the First district, and there is no probability of a break.

In the twenty-second ballot Ben Exum, of Yazoo, received 53 votes; Walter Tackett, of Hattiesburg, 68; Mack L. Sledge, of Warren, 54; John McInnes, of Lauderdale, 87, all of which are about the same as on the first ballot taken last evening.

All sorts and kinds of resolutions of a reform nature have been tried at the chairman, looking to adjournment or reversal of regular order, but are voted down.

The convention adopted a resolution yesterday to elect commissioners, one at a time, and numerous motions to reconsider and elect all three at once have been tabled with a vengeance. But the deadlock is set and the delegates are tired, and a break in some direction will be made to-day.

Such a trading and swapping of delegates was never before attempted in Mississippi.

The 24-hour deadlock in the Democratic State convention on railroad commissioner was broken at 4 p. m. by voting for all three at once as far as the second and third districts are concerned.

Least, Gov. M. M. Evans, of Jackson county, and J. J. Evans, present State treasurer, were the nominees for the districts, but the deadlock continued as to the first and balloting continued amidst great excitement.

ALL OF THEM SHOT.

Four Men Locked Up for the Mississippi Killing.

(By Associated Press.)

Jackson, Miss., Aug. 9.—Additional particulars of the sensational killing of R. T. Dinkins, at Brandon, this morning by Hoot, T. Dabney Marshall and three friends from Vicksburg, have been received here by telephone from Sheriff Dobson, of Rankin.

He says Dinkins was shot six times—once in the head, once in the arm, and four times in the body; that Marshall claimed to have done the shooting, and that all the men, Marshall, Coleman, Fox and Vailors are in jail. Eye witnesses say all of them shot at Dinkins except Vailors, who claimed he was there in "the capacity of attorney."

The affair is looked on as a cold-blooded assassination.

P. T. BARNUM'S FORTUNE.

It Will Not Go to the Greek and the Widow Married.

(By Associated Press.)

New Haven, Conn., Aug. 9.—The fortune of the great showman, P. T. Barnum, will not go to the Greek, Delia Calli, Bey, whom Mrs. Barnum has married.

Just before the civil ceremony, an antenuptial contract was signed in the New York office of Attorney George P. Ingersoll, of this city. Ex-Gov. Ingersoll was present as Mrs. Barnum's personal counsel. The contract signed specifies that neither party shall have control over or claim on the fortune of the other.

COWHIDE THE EDITOR.

Miss Ethel Carter, an Aeronaut, Objected to a Criticism.

(By Associated Press.)

Savannah, Ga., Aug. 9.—Ethel Carter, an aeronaut making a second tour, to-day invaded the office of the Free Lance, a weekly paper, and assaulted the proprietor, William Orr, and his assistant editor, John Doherty. Miss Carter used the whip with such force that she finally broke it. The Free Lance charged that she failed to make an advertised balloon ascension because she was half intoxicated.

Elmer Alexander Wanted Here. Detective Joe Carter has gone to Frederick, Md., to get Elmer H. Alexander, a young man who is wanted here for embezzling \$24 from the Swiss dairy, where he was employed.

THE WEATHER TO-DAY.

District of Columbia, eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, fair, slightly warmer to-day and to-night; continued high temperature till Monday; southwest-ly winds.

BOLD DASH FOR FREEDOM

Private Gill, Awaiting Sentence, Escaped the Guardhouse.

BULLET DIDN'T SCARE HIM

He Jumped Into the Creek and the Guard Shot When Gill Refused to Stop Swimming for the Opposite Shore—His Expected Confederate Didn't Show Up.

Private Gill, who was awaiting sentence in the guardhouse at the Arsenal for the serious offense of assaulting an officer, attempted to escape during the parade hour yesterday.

Gill got through the guardhouse window, ran to James Creek, and attempted to swim to the opposite bank, where he expected to find a confederate supplied with clothes awaiting him.

He had no sooner splashed into the water when Corp. McGee discovered the escape, and yelled "Halt!"

Gill's only answer was to dive under water in the direction of the opposite shore.

McGee then raised his gun and fired at the water where Gill was last seen.

Sergeant Gilmore then came up, and the two saw Gill's head appear near the farther shore. They both yelled to halt and threatened to shoot again, but the prisoner only darted into the reeds and underbrush.

CONFEDERATE WASN'T THERE. Before Gill took the plunge he stripped off all his clothes and left them on the bank. When he reached the other side he fully expected to find a Private Peterman, who was recently "sold" from the service, awaiting him with some clothes in which he could make good his escape.

Peterman was not there and Gill wandered around, naked, for fully twenty-five minutes before he was taken. The guard, which consisted of Sergeant Gilmore, Corp. McGee and eleven men, had been diligently searching for Gill and finally discovered him by seeing a movement in the reeds among which he was concealed.

They threatened to shoot again and he finally threw up his hands and returned to the shore, whence he was taken back to the guard house.

THE PLOTS OF THE CONFEDERATE IN THE GILL CASE ARE STILL AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT'S DISPOSAL AND ARE BEING CLOSELY WATCHED.

There is one feature of great interest in the regular army which, while it may make interesting reading to the general public, is very uninteresting to the military in charge of a prisoner. According to army regulations, when a guard is placed in charge of a general prisoner, one charged with a court-martial offense, he is ordered to load his gun with ball cartridges. Then should the prisoner attempt to escape the guard is required to continue to shoot him till he is killed.

Upon his failure to come to a halt at the third command the guard must "shoot to kill."

Should the unfortunate witness kill the prisoner, he would be amenable to the civil law, and be held for manslaughter or murder. If, on the other hand, the prisoner escapes, the guard would receive about six months' imprisonment in a military prison.